And sees hard by a butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kyte sore with vnbloody beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedy.
Qu. Are you the Kyte *Bewford*, where's his talents?
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?
Suffolke. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murthers Crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

Exit Cardinal.

War. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.
War. Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royall Maiesty.
Suf. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my soueraignes presence makes mee mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst:
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue

Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed t
If from this presence thou dare go with mee.
War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee he
Warwicke puls him out.
Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Comm
downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And t
the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their w
King. Why how now Lords?
Suff. The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.
The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke
Suffolke. And then enter from them, the
of Salisburie.
Salisb. My Lord, the Commons sends you wo
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person:
They say by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the Realm
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land
Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpol
Would send such message to their Soueraigne:
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,
To try how quaint an Orator you were:
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.
The
an answere from the King my L
King. Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore heere I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies